



MADE IN ONE WEEK WITH BEAUTIOLA

BEAUTIOLA is the only harmless preparation that completely obliterates all traces of care, worry, illness, exposure, and age. Ten to twenty years fall like a mantle from the face after one week's treatment. Not a wrinkle, line or blemish remains to tell the story after using Beautiola One week. Beautiola is endorsed by the Medical Fraternity and expert Dermatologists everywhere. It has made once beautiful but faded professional women as youthful at forty or fifty as they were at twenty, lengthening their career before the public at least 25 years. It never fails to permanently remove the worst cases of brown, liver spots, freckles, blackheads, scars, small-pox pittings, deep wrinkles and all disfiguring eruptions.

PRICE, 50 CENTS At all Drug Stores or Direct
E. R. BERRY CHEMICAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
SEND FOR BEAUTY BOOKLET FREE

Wild Fire!

This expression but modestly expresses the rapidity with which our
\$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 Oxfords

for ladies and gentlemen are going out of our store. But, then, that's easy to explain. They are good and reliable in every detail—they fit well, they look well, they last well.

VERY FINE LOT OF STOCKINGS FOR 15, 25 and 50 cents.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE,
Phone 690, 117 S. Palafox Street, Pensacola



Easter Flower Holders in Glass & Pottery

Long and narrow, short and broad—for lilies or roses, for pansies or violets. Yes! to suit any and all of the beauties of the floral kingdom that bloom at gladsome Easteride.

The prices for simple styles begin as low as twenty-five cents—and you will be surprised to see what this small sum will buy this season.

More money buys larger sizes and more elaborateness. The variety also widens.

We'd be mighty glad to show you.

Gerson's
107 SOUTH PALAFOX STREET
PENSACOLA

For Quick Lunches, A Square Meal,

THE BEST ICE CREAM AND SODA IN THE WORLD, DROP IN AT
The Kandy Kitchen Cafe
140 S. Palafox. Phone 999



FRANCES

TURBINE ENGINES FOR THE U. S. NAVY

SUCCESSFUL TRIAL MAY INDUCE NAVY DEPARTMENT TO INSTALL MACHINE ON NEW CRUISER.

The New Orleans Picayune of yesterday says: The successful performance of the second of the Allen Line ships to be equipped with turbine engines in a maiden voyage to Halifax, during which an average speed of a trifle over 17 knots was made, indicates clearly that the application of the turbine engine to the running of the great Trans-Atlantic liners, has passed the state of experiment.

This success of the turbine will probably induce the Navy Department to equip at least one of the new cruisers, for the construction of which bids have been received, with turbine engines. In these new cruisers, which represent a special type, every other consideration, except good sea-keeping qualities, is to be sacrificed to speed. It is admitted that the full development of the turbine lies rather in the direction of high speeds than in ordinary cruising speeds, hence, as it is high speed that is the point principally aimed at in the scout cruisers, one of these vessels will serve better than any other type to demonstrate the value of the turbine for naval purposes.

It is held that the turbine engine is not economical at comparatively low speeds, hence it is assumed that for the greatest number of naval ships, which ordinarily cruise at a moderate speed of 10 or 11 knots, the turbine engine would be poorly adapted in comparison with the ordinary reciprocating engine. As the turbine is only in its infancy, however, it may yet develop the quality of economy under comparatively low speeds, just as it has already demonstrated its superiority at high speeds, where the tremendous vibration of the ordinary type of engines is a serious drawback. Owing to the importance of testing the turbine for naval purposes, it is to be hoped that the Navy Department will determine to equip at least one of the new scout cruisers with turbine engines.

Keep your bowels regular by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. There is nothing better. For sale by all druggists.

Loppersum Gave Bond.
The Dutch steamer Loppersum, which was libeled Thursday by the Wm. S. Keyser Co., gave bond yesterday in the sum of \$500 and proceeded to sea.

ASTONISHING RESULTS.

Follow Each New Discovery of Science.

The great strides that medical science has made in the last few years is due to the germ theory. When the germ of a disease has been discovered, the doctors have not been slow in finding a drug to kill it. In a few years, it will be rare to find a bald-headed man or woman. The falling out of hair is due to a dandruff germ, and now it has been discovered how to kill this germ. The remedy used is called Newbro's Herpicide. Its success has been marvelous. Not a failure has been so far reported. It is also a delightful hair dressing free from oil or sticky substances. Try it and be convinced of its actual merit. Sold by leading druggists. For sale by W. A. D'Alemberte, druggist and apothecary, 121 S. Palafox. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Company, Detroit, Mich.

Easter Monday DANCE

The Catholic Knights and Ladies of America

will give a dance Monday night, April 24, in C. K. of A. hall.

Music by Barrios' Orchestra

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Refreshments.

Annual Picnic Ladies' Auxiliary Locomotive Engineers,

April 28, MAGNOLIA BLUFF.

ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME OF SPORTS, DANCING, SPEECHES BY LOCAL CANDIDATES.

Special trains at 1:30, 4:30, 7 and 8 p. m.

The public and the men from the battalions are invited.

FLORIDA CURIOS,

Live and stuffed alligators, sea shells, Orange wood and palm souvenirs of every description.

Mrs. C. N. McClure.

Opera House Building, 197 East Government Street.

Armour's Extract of Beef

FOR that don't-care-for-a-bite feeling try a plate of soup or broth made of **Armour's Extract**—and eat like a hunter. Piquant, savory, appetizing.

Our cook book "Culinary Wrinkles" mailed free
Armour & Company Chicago

Fewer Dollars Wear Longer

when invested in linens laundered here. Our way of handling them makes their life longer. It's to your interest to let us do your laundry work.

The Star Steam Laundry.

37 E. Garden St. Phone 114.
Pensacola, Fla.

ISLE OF LOVE

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

Copyright, 1904, by Cecilia A. Loizeaux

Ned Cramer shoved the little canoe into the water and waited a moment, the tying rope in his hand. While he waited he looked at Anne Prescott, who was standing on the very edge of the wharf reading a letter. Anne's dress was of cerulean blue linen, and the setting sun made her hair red gold. Finally Ned spoke, albeit the picture was rarely pretty and appealing to him.

"Ready, Anne?" he called.
"All right," said Anne, but she didn't move, and Ned waited some more patiently, for he knew he was soon to have his innings and was in no hurry to take the bat. But when he spoke the second time he said firmly:

"Come, Anne."

Anne tore the letter in two, threw it into the water and came to the little bark, where she settled herself Indian fashion on her knees in the business end of the canoe. She held it steadily while he stepped in and bestowed his long length of limb opposite; then she let the boat drift while she rolled up her cerulean blue sleeves. It was one of Anne's peculiarities that she always did the paddling herself. It was not merely that the attitude and motion were becoming to her, though she was aware of her good points, like most well balanced girls. It was simply that she preferred having the men at a disadvantage—at her mercy, as it were. They always looked awkward with nothing to do, and it seemed hard for them to keep up the conversation.

Ned Cramer was a little different. He always made himself supremely comfortable, and, while he didn't look at her as much as most of the fellows did, his glance always put her on her mettle.

The quick strokes of her paddle sent them rapidly downstream. When they reached the first bend they passed the letter, which was skimming along the surface.

"We'll go down to the island and see how long it will take for the letter to get there," said Anne, and Ned assented lazily. He lit a cigarette and smoked awhile in silence. When he spoke his words were, as usual, to the point.

"When are you going to marry me, Anne?"

Anne, elaborately surprised, held her paddle in midair in a charming pose for a moment; then it dropped into the water with a splash.

"I have no present intention of marrying you at all," she said.

"Then it's a good time to form an intention. I'll help you." He smiled persuasively. "Make it October. Fall weddings are so pretty, and that will give you two months to burn all your old love letters and make your good resolutions."

The blood rose under the tan on her cheeks, but her only answer was a vigorous and renewed paddling. Ned threw away the stub of his cigarette and felt in his hip pocket for his tobacco pouch. If he was nervous he did not show it.

"Shall we say October, then?" he queried, adding with a note of tenderness in his voice: "You have made me very happy, Anne. You will not regret."

"Well, of all the cool impudence I ever heard!" gasped Anne. "I wouldn't marry you if—if—" She stopped, exasperated.

"If you didn't love me," he finished for her.

"I hate you!" she boiled. "This is six times you have made that insane assertion this summer. Love you! I act as if I loved you, do I?" She stopped paddling and looked at him. Her eyes blazed, and he thought she hadn't looked so pretty since the last time she had refused him.

"No," he said: "you act as if you didn't, but I know you do." He looked serious. "Why, it stands to reason, Anne, that you love me or you wouldn't get so mad when I tell you about it."

"Ned Cramer," she blazed out, "if you ever try to make love to me again I'll—I'll make you sorry! Now, you either talk about something else or keep quiet."

She had evidently forgotten about her intention of reaching the island, for she put down her paddle and let the canoe drift idly along shore. It was growing dark, and a crescent moon was faintly shining in the east. Anne, looking attentively upstream, saw a white speck in the water and, taking her paddle, fished it out and deposited it, dripping, on his knee.

"It's the letter," he announced, touching it. Anne started.

"Give it to me," she demanded, holding out her hand.

"After I've read it," he said calmly.

"Ned Cramer, that's my letter, and you have no right to read it."

"On the contrary, it's mine since, firstly, you threw it away, and, secondly, I picked it up again and gave it to me to have and to hold."

Anne quaked, but she tried bravado.

"Well, it's too dark to read it anyhow; besides, it's all soaked and bleared," she said.

"My excellent eyes are not the least of my many good points," said Ned, spreading it out carefully. Anne looked Ned lean out and snatch something out of the water.

"It's the other half," he beamed.

"Now, I'll read it to you." He patched the halves together, held them to his eyes a moment, laid them down again on his knee and glanced over at Anne. She looked relieved.

"I told you it was too dark," she said triumphantly.

"I have some matches," he answered, pulling out a little silver case.

"Anne," he went on, "you know you love me."

"I know that I hate you," she answered.

"Anne," he said, smiling at her, "I'm going to give you just one minute to tell me you love me, and, if you don't say it, then I'm going to prove it to you."

Anne's heart panted to say "Yes," but her stubborn will would not yield. She said weakly, "Ned, I—"

"Time!" called out Ned, and then he lit a match and leaned over the letter. Anne bent forward, her lips parted, her fingers twitching. The canoe rocked dangerously.

"Of course I love Ned," read the man slowly. "The letter," he interrupted someone to Clara Carlton. "Of course I love Ned, but he is too sure of it, and I mean"

He never finished the sentence, for in her attempt to snatch the letter Anne upset the canoe and landed Ned, herself and the letter in the muddy river.

When she regained her balance and thought of Ned she discovered him turning the canoe right side up and paying no attention at all to her. Her first thought was that it was fortunate he had caught hold of the boat. Then she gasped in amazement, for he had let it go, and it was floating down stream.

"Ned Cramer, are you crazy?" she screamed. "Catch it!"

"I'll take you to the island first," he answered and waded through the shallow water to the bald, sandy spot they called an island. It happened that when he set her down her feet touched something hard, but which she never noticed.

"Ned," she screamed, "it's a turtle!"

Ned had started away, and he called over his shoulder:

"They won't bite if you don't scare them or the snakes either."

Snakes! She held her dripping skirts tightly around her and stood, a pathetic but nevertheless a funny figure, fear written in every line of her body. She was too frightened to move when she saw the great turtle she had stepped on come straight toward her, craning its bald, snaky head from side to side. The tears rolled unheeded down her face and mingled with the water that dripped from her stringy, wet hair. She sobbed helplessly and with horrified eyes was still watching the turtle, which had stopped in his tracks and was leering at her, when she heard Ned's voice. Never had anything sounded so good to her ears.

"Do you love me, Anne?"

"How one will suffer for pride's sake!" She turned her face toward him, unmindful of tears:

"I hate you!" she sobbed.

"All right," he called cheerfully; "I'll just paddle around a little, and when you're ready you call, and I'll come. As I said before, the snakes won't be apt to bite unless you should happen to step on them or something."

He turned the canoe and took a dozen strokes, feeling like a beastly cad every time the paddle touched the water. Then a voice, wild and desperate with fear, shrieked:

"Ned, come back!"

"Coming," he called. "Wait, Anne."

But Anne, terrified beyond endurance by the advancing turtle, ran into the water, and he pulled her, a dripping, sobbing, disheveled figure, into the shelter of the canoe and his arms.

"You'll never regret it, Anne," he said softly.

"But you will," she sobbed. "I'll—I'll lead you an awful life!"

NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS

On and after Monday, April 24, 1905, all stores employing union clerks will close at the former closing hour, 6 o'clock, and customers are requested to be governed accordingly.

214922 CLERKS' UNION.

IF YOU DO NOT RECEIVE YOUR JOURNAL PHONE 38.

WOMEN NOT TRUTHFUL

This Statement Has Been Unjustly Made, Because Modest Women Evade Questions Asked By Male Physicians.



An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful; they will lie to their physician." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

Is it any wonder, then, that women continue to suffer and that doctors fail to cure female diseases when they cannot get the proper information to work on?

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To her they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients, through her correspondence with them than the physician who personally questions them.

If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

The fact that this great boon, which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands A Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Ella Lee, Frankford, Ind., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I want to thank you for what your medicine has done for me."

"Three years ago I had inflammation of the ovaries and uterus on about three months, and the only time I was not in pain was when under the influence of morphine. The doctor finally said I never would be better, and would be an invalid the rest of my life. I had given up in despair, but one evening I came across one of your advertisements and decided to write you for advice. I did so and commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began to improve at once, and to-day I am a well woman, and I know it is all due to your advice and medicine."

Mrs. J. H. Farmer of 2809 Elliott Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I cannot thank you enough for what your advice and medicine have done for me. They have done me more good than all the doctors I ever had."

"For the last eight years I have suffered with female troubles; was very weak; had nervous prostration, and could not do my work; but I am happy to say Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made a different woman of me. I am in perfect health and have gained in weight from 98 pounds to 122 pounds."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record for actual cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

"THE BEST IS WHAT WE HAVE"

The Choicest of Meats!

When buying meats we use the utmost care in selecting them, for we want our customers to have the best the market affords. They are always fresh and have that delicious flavor that make them appetizing.

Dove Brand Hams and Breakfast Bacon, Morrill's (High Grade) Hams and Breakfast Bacon, Armour's Gold Band Hams, Armour's White Label and Gold Band Bacon, Busy Bee Breakfast Bacon (very small), New York Sugar Cured Shoulders, Morrill's Poinc Hams.

ROSENAU & GERELDS

The Fancy Grocers,

Phone 391. Pensacola.

IF WE HAVE IT, IT IS THE BEST.

WE ARE PARTICULAR ABOUT

FRESH GROCERIES, TELEPHONE ORDERS, PROMPT DELIVERY.

So if you are at all particular about the things you eat, and the prompt delivery of same, we can please you.

PURE FOODS MEAN GOOD HEALTH.

Sol Cahn & Co.

The Pure Food Store. The Store that Feeds the People. Phones 178 and 480

Going to Blossom?

Match the new Easter

Suit or Dress and the new

Hat and all other fresh

Spring-like toggery with

a natty pair of our OX-

FORDS. We have them

for Ladies, Men, Misses,

Children and Boys in all

new and pleasing styles:



Ladies' Oxfords and Sandals, \$1.50 to \$5

Men's Oxfords, \$2.50 to \$7.

Children's Oxfords and Sandals, 50c to \$2.50.

Remember, Sunday is Easter, so come take a look—buy if you please.

Meyer Shoe Co.,

Feet Furnishers For Folks,

102 South Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla.